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reappears in the copy." That superiority of the hand-made work for which the pattern is only used, as a manner of doing something well, is to be seen near here in Trinity where the old windows sent out from English Boston have at once that something of life, that something of what makes the past interesting, which, of course, has to be wanting in the church itself, a *modern* Boston church. Mr. Hardy could not have chosen a better example than the traceried window. Rodin, the sculptor, would tell us that the sculpture should meet the future by being in advance irregular, fluctuating, as it will be later when weathered. So he would say that it should have at the beginning the look of having weathered already, of meeting joyously the sun and rain and air and the changes of line, it being something more than the mere pattern of a project or the map of a country.

INTO MINE OWN

By ROBERT FROST

One of my wishes is that those dark trees,
So old and firm they scarcely show the breeze,
Were not, as 'twere, the merest mask of gloom,
But stretched away unto the edge of doom.

I should not be deterred, but that some day
Into their vastness I should steal away,
Fearless of ever finding open land
Or highway where the slow wheels pour the sand.

I do not see why I should e'er turn back,
Or those should not set forth upon my track
To overtake me, those who miss me here
And long to know if still I hold them dear.

They would not find me changed from him they knew —
Only more sure of all I thought was true.



Miss Yin Yang, of Shanghai*

By DAISY E. M. F. CAMPBELL

ROBERT HESSELCROFT appeared neither dignified nor comfortable. Perched upon a revolving chair, and with corrugated brow and stiffly arched index finger, he was engaged in a staccato exercise upon that most feminine of machines in its complexity, a typewriter.

His sojourn in Shanghai had covered two weeks and he was occupied in reporting progress to the New York office. The day previous he searched for and found a stenographer who quite fluently assured him that he "takee allee kind dictation." This proved to be true, but Chan Lo's efforts to dispose of the squirming hieroglyphics after their capture would have been amusing had Hesselcroft's sense of humor been able to pass the bounds of exasperation. In justification of some of the more glaring blunders relating to an electric enterprise, the queue-adorned one placidly remarked:

"'Lectlicity velly new dis countly; no know him muchee."

Profiting by experience, Hesselcroft purchased a machine and determined to write his own letters until he might procure a typist, native or otherwise.

"If I write my letters in longhand, even a moon-faced Chinaman ought to be able to copy them," thought he.

Examining the machine carefully, he commenced the report to his superior in New York. "Shanghai," followed by the date, was a work of art. Greatly elated, Hesselcroft banged the machine down and proceeded to write his august manager's name and address. Carefully placing an interrogation mark after "Mngr?" instead of the customary period, he lifted the carriage with airy grace, and found to his wrath that he had neglected to space for the line below. By this lapse from duty "Mngr." and "Shanghai" had become inextricably intermingled on the same line.

"Oh, hang it!" ejaculated Hesselcroft, "I didn't come over here to punch a typewriter. Wish they would send a stenographer from home."

Placing a fresh sheet of paper in the machine, he was interrupted by a tap at the door. "Come in," he called in American fashion. No one accepting the invitation, he rather impatiently strode to the door, and opening it, discovered a young Chinese girl in brilliant native costume, one small hand grasping a huge paper umbrella.

"What can I do for you?" inquired Hesselcroft.

"You want typer lady?" asked the small one.

"Why — I don't know," replied he doubtfully, her butterfly appearance not inspiring him with confidence in her skill as a "typer." "Can you run a Remington?"

"Yeh, me lun Lemington," she replied nonchalantly.

"Very well; we'll try it for a few days and see how everything goes."

"All lite," she acquiesced cheerfully and seated herself upon the recently vacated chair with a funny little air of possession.

"Now, Miss ——," began Hesselcroft, then remembered that he had not asked her name. "What am I to call you," inquired he.

"My name Yin," she replied.

"Miss Yin?" he said interrogatively.

"No, Yang,"— smiling mischievously.

"Oh. Miss Yinyang I'll call you, then."

"No, no," said she laughing. "Yin my flont name. Wha' you' name?"

"Robert Hesselcloft," she repeated after him, then added, with a little emphatic nod, "Velly plitty name."

Hesselcroft's thoughts for a moment reverted to the lovely damsel in far-away Boston, with whom he had unsuccess-

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IT USED TO BE SAID

that a small leak would in time sink the greatest ships—that was in the days of old wooden sailing vessels—before the airtight compartments were installed. It used to be said that

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